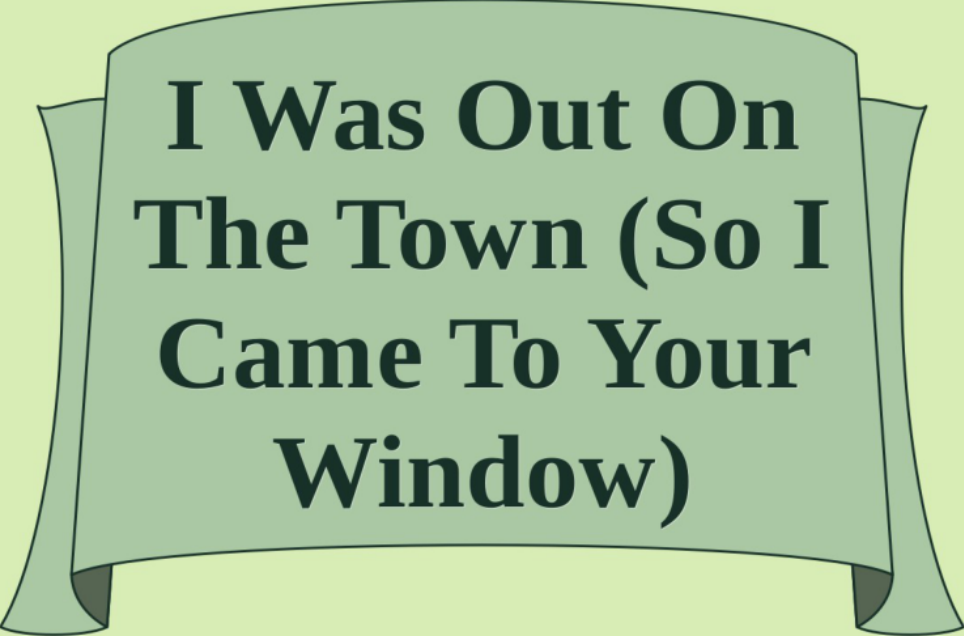




**I Was Out On
The Town (So I
Came To Your
Window)**

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I Was Out On The Town (So I Came To Your Window)

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Category: IT (2017), IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Bicycles, Flirting, Halloween, M/M, Pre-Slash, Sneaking Out, Vandalizing, moodboard

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-10-15

Updated: 2017-10-15

Packaged: 2020-01-26 15:15:34

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: Underage

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,579

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Richie sneaks Eddie out of his bedroom on Halloween night.

I Was Out On The Town (So I Came To Your Window)



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Halloween – age 11

Eddie was not friends with this new boy Richie. They may have had math and science together, but that did not make them friends. Sometimes this boy talked with Bill and joked around too much with Stan and winked at Eddie, but they were not friends. So Eddie found it quite strange that this boy was on the roof ledge of his house, right over the front door, peeking in through his bedroom window.

Richie waved at him and knocked again, a light rapping of his knuckles against the glass.

Eddie pushed down the covers and got up from his bed to walk across the wood floor, careful of the creaky board by his dresser. He turned on his desk lamp and the room flooded with light. Richie could be

seen grinning and he gestured to the window sill, making a lifting motion.

Despite the surprise of seeing Richie's face painted up like some sort of terrifying ghoul, Eddie did open his window. "Do you have any idea what time it is?" he demanded.

"It's only eight fifty-three," Richie replied, giving a quick glance at his wrist. Eddie noticed there wasn't even a watch and he scoffed at the mime act.

"It's after nine," he said after quickly looking to his clock on the desk.

"Close enough," Richie shrugged. "Can I come in?"

Eddie found himself intrigued by the intrusion. "It's a little late for visitors. My mom says no one is allowed to come in after seven thirty."

"Well I guess I'll just have to stay out here in your roof where everyone can see me," Richie told him.

He settled on the roof tiles, Indian style, dressed in black jeans and a black zip up sweatshirt. He adjusted his glasses and smirked at Eddie, who felt very awkward at his window in his pajamas. He had been reading comics by flashlight and was quite comfortable, until interrupted by his late night visitor.

Eddie cleared his throat. "What are you doing here?" he asked.

"I was out seeing what kind of trouble I can get into tonight. You know, Halloween – the best night ever. And I happened to be in the neighborhood and thought I'd see what you were up to," Richie explained, suddenly leaning to the side to dig into his pocket.

His quick movement and tilt to the edge of the roof made Eddie jolt, nervous that Richie was going to fall off the ledge and into the bushes below. But Richie straightened up and produced a small pack of gum, which he offered to Eddie first.

"No thanks," Eddie shook his head. Richie withdrew and took a piece for himself. "Don't you think we're too old for Halloween?"

Richie stopped chewing and stared at Eddie. "Are you fucking serious? You can never be too old for Halloween, Eds. It's the best time of the year. Better than New Years, better than Fourth of July, better than Christmas!"

"Shh!" Eddie worried that somehow his mother would hear the excited boy on their roof. "Don't call me 'Eds'. And how did you know where I live?"

"Bill told me. Did you know I live three blocks that way?" Richie pointed through Eddie's room, indicating three blocks back. "I can see your house from my roof. I'm on the corner though. Anyway..." he paused to chew his gum a few times, lips smacking quickly. "So I guess you didn't dress up then?"

"In what, a costume?" Eddie asked. "No, and I didn't go trick-r-treating for that matter. It's too dangerous. Kids get taken and people put razor blades in the candy."

Richie rolled his eyes. "That's why you always check your candy. Yeah, and I see you don't even have a pumpkin outside. Do you want to be taken by the spirits? What if they replace you with a changeling?"

"A what?"

"A *changeling*!" Richie said, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. He shook his head and smacked his gum some more. "Don't they teach anything at that school?"

Eddie was now completely baffled by this boy. Going from one subject to another, fidgety as can be, now sitting with his hands drumming on the roof. Eddie noticed Richie had a black backpack with him, appearing to be stuffed full. "What's in there? All your trick-r-treat candy that you stole from little kids?" he frowned at Richie.

"Oh no, I'd never," Richie pulled the bag in between his legs and unzipped it. He held the top open, tilted towards Eddie so he could look inside.

Rolls of toilet paper.

Eddie straightened up and looked strangely at Richie. "Toilet paper?" he asked.

"Yeah, for the trees," Richie explained. "I've got eggs in there too, and some liquid soap for car windows. There is some candy too, but that's for afterwards."

He grinned so wide at Eddie, and it was a strange pairing with his painted face. "You're going to vandalize people's houses!" Eddie gasped.

Richie shushed him now, looking around to make sure there wasn't anyone listening. "That's what you do on Halloween, Eddie. I've waited years for this. Back home, the kids would get in groups and go do all this stuff. Every year, they would tell me I was too young to go, except for last year they said maybe this year. And then we moved here and I'm finally taking my chance. I'm eleven years old and I'm ready to fucking egg some houses."

Eddie huffed, crossing his arms over his chest. "You better be careful. Henry Bowers got picked up in by the police last year when he was smashing pumpkins at the library."

"Probably because he didn't have someone looking out for him. You should always have a look out," Richie explained. He zipped up his backpack again and hugged it to himself. "So go put on your jacket and let's go."

Eddie gasped again, in shock that this suggestion was even being made. "Are you kidding? I can't leave the house! Its Halloween night and my mom thinks I'm in bed!"

Richie laughed. "That's all the reason for me to sneak you out of here. I can tell you've never truly enjoyed Halloween before, Eds, and I'm here to help you. Come on, change your clothes and let's go. Make sure you wear black so no one can see you."

He began to put on his backpack. Eddie found himself frozen, still unsure of what was happening. This strange boy had climbed up his

house, knocked on his window, and was now asking him to sneak out to vandalize houses on Halloween night. There was no way this was happening.

"You want *me* to sneak out?" Eddie asked, just to make sure.

"Yeah, babe. You down?" Richie replied, adjusting the straps. He looked up to Eddie and gave him a soft smile, making him appear completely innocent.

Babe? The nickname and the smile made a flutter work its way into Eddie's stomach.

"Why do you want me to go with you?" Eddie's voice was quiet.

Richie sighed, gave a brief shrug. "Because you're just so cute, Eds. I think we would be a good team – you're so short, you can hide behind cars so no one can see you soaping the windows."

Oh holy hell, a comment about his height. That was exactly what Eddie wanted to hear. "Goodnight, Richie," he stepped back from the window and made to pull it shut.

Richie's hand slipped in quickly and cupped the underside of the sill, between Eddie's hands. He pulled himself close enough to stick his head in and he looked at Eddie. "Come on, Kaspbrak. I need a partner in crime, and I think it could be you...you probably know I don't have a lot of friends out here yet...and I don't think you have too many more than I do."

Eddie paused for a long time, thinking about what was going to happen. Sneaking out, vandalizing, probably getting dirty. "Take back what you said about me being short and don't call me Eds?" he finally asked.

Richie grinned at him. "Whatever you say, Eddie Spaghetti."

He turned around then to climb down the ledge, barely missing Eddie's groan of disappointment at the new nickname.

"What am I getting myself into?" Eddie asked himself and pulled his curtains shut for privacy.

He went to his door to listen for sounds of his mother – the television, her loud snoring, the rumble of the dryer – and changed into his darkest pants and a navy blue long sleeved tee, and a pair of sneakers that were supposed to be given to the less fortunate. He put on a knitted hat and a dark jacket, and returned to the window.

There was no sign of the strange boy from school. "Richie?" he called out in a stage whisper.

"Down here!" was the reply. "Come on, just put your legs over and I'll help you!"

"I'm supposed to just trust you?" Eddie began to maneuver his way out the window. He sat down on the roof ledge carefully and peered over, searching for Richie in the darkness.

There he was, standing with his long skinny arms extended, the streetlights reflecting off his glasses. "Just slide down. I promise I'll catch you."

Eddie let out a long sigh. He lay down on his stomach and moved himself to the edge of the roof, slowly letting his legs hang over. He could feel the scrape of the tiles against his fingers and coat, and he closed his eyes, counted to three, and let go.

Richie did catch him, as promised, but then they fell sideways into the bushes. Eddie grunted as the branches covered him and whispered angrily over his face and hands, a little scratch here and a little scratch there. And he lay there stunned for a few moments, on his back, staring up at the starry sky, wondering what the fuck just happened.

Richie laughed behind him, his breath warm on Eddie's neck. "You don't have to jump my bones yet, Kaspbrak. At least wait until the second date."

"Fuck you," Eddie glared back at him.

Carefully, Richie disentangled their limbs and stood up, hand reaching to pull Eddie to his feet. He plucked a leaf off Eddie's jacket and dusted his shoulders. "Are you okay?"

Eddie shrugged him off. "Yeah I'm alright, I guess. Can't believe I just snuck out my window."

"It's exciting, huh?" the grin on Richie's face resumed. "Come on. I'll get my bike and we can ride together."

Eddie looked back to the house as Richie ran off to collect his bike. The house was quiet enough for him to assume that Mrs. Kaspbrak still had no idea that her son had escaped from his room and was about to run wild in the streets with a hooligan classmate.

Richie paused his bike in front of Eddie and had him wear the backpack, and Eddie climbed onto the bike behind Richie. They rode off down the street, Eddie's arms wrapped around Richie's thick sweatshirt. The bike bumped over the curb of the sidewalk and he squeezed tighter, watching their shadow move close by on the street.

For his first time acting alone, Richie was incredible to watch. He had Eddie stand by as lookout a few times so he could unwind several squares of toilet paper rolls before tossing them high, into trees and on rooftops. When it was Eddie's turn, he did an underhand toss and it sailed through the air and hit a chimney. "Not bad, Eds," Richie congratulated him, patting Eddie's shoulder.

Eddie would feel the shape of Richie's hand on him the next morning. But he wouldn't tell anyone that, not even Bill.

Together they pitched eggs onto parked cars, giggled at the soft *thwack thwack* sound of shells colliding. It was Eddie's idea to break a few open into a mailbox, imagining how terrible it would smell in the morning when opened and there was a disgusting mess inside. The eggs already smelled bad enough.

"What should we do here?" Richie asked as he rode them towards a large beautiful house with cement steps.

"Not this one," Eddie told him. "That's Bill's house."

"Well, how about the one across the street?" Richie cycled again to move them past the Denbrough house, turning his bike to make a circle.

"Maybe soap the car windows?" Eddie suggested.

He could have sworn he saw Bill in the upstairs bedroom window, watching them with his hands pressed against the glass. Bill would probably have something to say about it, wonder why Eddie was out late on Halloween, playing tricks.

But Eddie let Richie pour more liquid soap onto his hands and he rubbed them together to make lather, then went to work on the windows.

He couldn't believe how much fun he was having. Richie would crack jokes that were absolutely stupid, but something about them made Eddie just laugh and laugh. He would tell some to Richie, or fill him in on stories about the people and the town, and Richie would cackle along with him. They didn't have a lot in the bag, but it was enough to fulfill Richie's dreams of Halloween vandalism for the night.

They rode back through the town, Eddie pointing out Stan's street between his and Bill's. Back at Eddie's house, Richie parked his bike along the side of the house and opened up his backpack again. He dug around inside and pulled out a handful of Tootsie rolls and loose Nerds.

"Sorry, I guess the box broke," Richie shoved another handful into Eddie's coat pocket. He gave his backpack a shake and there was a faint rattle of nerds inside.

"It's okay," Eddie smiled.

Richie sighed as he zipped up his backpack and put it back on. "I wish it was Halloween tomorrow night again. Tonight was probably the greatest night of my life."

Eddie opened a Tootsie roll and popped it into his mouth. It was soft and sweet, warmed from being at the bottom of Richie's bag. "Yeah, that was fun."

"See? Halloween is the *coolest*," Richie grinned at him, very pleased with their successful evening. "And it's not even that late. Probably around ten o'clock."

"I just hope my mom didn't wake up and go in my room to check on me. That would be really fucking bad," Eddie told him.

"You better get to bed then, Cinderella," Richie smiled at him. "Want help climbing back up?"

He came around to the front with Eddie to help guide him back up. It took a few minutes, with Eddie being so short that he couldn't quite reach the ledge. But Richie gave him an extra hard shove and Eddie clambered up onto the roof, banging his knee in the process.

Eddie turned around and looked down at Richie, who was wiping his hands on the thighs of his pants. "I'll see you in school on Monday?" Eddie asked.

"Not if I see you first," Richie told him. "Goodnight, Eddie Spaghetti."

"Don't call me that. Goodnight, Richie."

As Richie got back on his bike and rode away, Eddie watched him escape into the night. He stayed in the ledge for a few more minutes, debating if he should sneak to the bathroom to brush his teeth again.

Never again would another Tootsie Roll taste as incredible as the one from his friend.

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Notes for the Chapter:

Hey there! So I too, like Richie in this story, love Halloween. Costumes, pumpkins, black cats, The Simpsons Butterfingers commercials -- what more could anyone ask for? I've wanted to write a little something about the most amazing holiday ever and never really found a pairing I would enjoy writing about. Even though I despise writing conversations, I had a blast writing this first chapter and have had many giggles over pieces for the upcoming (hopefully!) five chapters. P.S.: the story title comes from the track "Out On The Town" by Fun. Hope you

enjoy! Xo

Author's Note:

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